

## Late by Legally\_Devorak

**Category:** IT, IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Drunk!Richie Tozier, M/M, Misunderstandings, Not in an established relationship, Underage Drinking, two boys being stupid

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-11-30

**Updated:** 2019-11-30

**Packaged:** 2019-12-19 02:07:48

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,041

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Eddie is late to Richie's birthday party... so Richie gets drunk and sad. Eddie to the rescue! Fluff (and a little angst) ensue!

## Late

The party was in full swing.

Stan's house was already filled with people the losers didn't know and DEFINITELY didn't invite, but, as Mike says, "when alcohol is involved, people will pretend to be friendly." Eddie didn't want to believe it was true, but even he could understand that people were users, like Gretta and his mother. They were prime examples.

Eddie was already forty minutes late, since his mother just HAD to have him help paint her nails and HAD to make sure he took all of his medication. By the time he rolled up to the Uris', he was worn out. He just wanted to see his friends, to see Richie. It was his eighteenth birthday party.

He pulled his present tighter to his chest, pulling his inhaler out for a few puffs... before he went inside. These days, he has been waning himself off of using it, thanks to the help of his friends who explained to him that he doesn't need it. It is still like a security blanket, though.

Ring the doorbell, he smoothed out his slacks before checking his polo in the reflection. His hair was curlier today, he didn't have much time to put product in it, between his mother's impromptu salon day and exploring with Ben, he had been pretty busy.

He rang it again.

Still, nothing.

That's when the anxiety came.

What if I'm at the wrong house, and it was at Richie's?

What if Pennywise is back and trying to lure me into a trap?

What if they tricked you, just so they could laugh, and Richie could make jokes about how fucking pathetic you are?

His hand itches for the inhaler again.

Suddenly, a firm hand was on his arm.

“Eddie, are yo-you ok-Kay?” Bill frowned, offering Eddie a sip of his beer. Normally, he would chastise him because of how ‘fucking disgusting’ sharing drinks is, but right now, he’s thirsty and his throat is sore.

Taking the smallest possible sip, he nods his thanks and attempts a smile.

“Thank you, I’m fine- was just in my head for a second.”

Bill nods knowingly, for he too has seconds like that after the PTDC incident. “Well, Sorry we didn’t he-ear you, the music is l-l-oud as hell in there.”

Eddie nods again, understanding what happened.

“Wait, then how’d you know to check on me?”

Bill blushes and turns away, making Eddie raise his eyebrow. “Nothing Kaspbrak, no-none of your bui-business.”

“Noted, Bill... noted.” Eddie teases, not surprised when Bill shoved at him inside with his still blushing cheeks.

They walked in together, bumping shoulders and knocking hands. Bill pointed him in the direction of the losers club and went back outside.

As he approached, he noticed Stan and Ben dancing on top of the coffee table. He looked to Mike, who was standing on one side of the table, ready to catch Stan/Ben if they took a stumble, he softly mouthed “what the fuck” to which Mike responded with a cheeky grin.

He then spotted the gift table and set his present on it, shuffling away quickly, in hopes of finding the birthday boy. Suddenly, he heard a wailing sound.

“Nohogohohoho, he hates me, Bev. He doesn’t like me and he thinks I’m ugly and gross!” Richie yelled, his head down on Stan’s countertop and a bottle of something in his hand.

Beverly shushed him, placing her manicured hand in his hair.

“Hey, he doesn’t hate you or think you’re ugly or gross. Maybe he’s just late?” She continued patting his head, she leaned down and whispered something else in his ear that Eddie couldn’t hear.

Eddie wondered what was going on, he didn’t like to see Richie like this. He wanted to see his wide-smile, his glasses obscured eyes, his shitty jokes.

“Hey, Bev, I can take it from here.”

Beverly’s head whipped around so fast, and her “OH MY GOD” smile appeared. She ran up to Eddie and hugged him, and said: “He’ll be really happy to see you, He’s been waiting for you.”

What the fuck? Really?

Eddie thought, smiling to himself and replacing Beverly at the table. He rested a hand on Richie’s sweaty back, leaning into his friend.

“Hey birthday boy.”

Richie slowly sat up, his face sweaty and his eyes glazed over. Eddie still thought he was beautiful, even when he looked like he needed to be committed to a hospital.

“Oh Spaghetti head! I thought you- “ he turns quickly and hugs Eddie tightly, he kisses him twice on the cheek and attempts to stand-up. He is clearly tipsy, all long limbs wiggling but he manages to stand.

“Let’s play truth or dare-“ he slurs, taking Eddie’s hand in his sweaty one.

Eddie refrains from rolling his eyes, “Rich, I just got here and you looked so sad. Are you okay, do you want to talk about anything?”

Richie just shook his head, “No. I don’t want to talk. I just want to play truth or dare with you, Eds.”

Eddie caved, he always did for Richie. It was like he was his kryptonite, always drawing him in and then burning him. Still, Eddie would brave the burn, because Richard Tozier was worth it.

He let himself be dragged upstairs, helping Richie navigate the

hallways until they were in a guest room.

“What are we doing here?” Eddie asked, looking around to see if the other losers were upstairs. They weren’t.

Richie bit his lip and took another swig of his drink, his curls falling into his eyes. “We’re gonna play truth or dare, silly.”

“Wouldn’t you rather be downstairs celebrating with the rest of the losers, for YOUR birthday?” Eddie said, sitting down on the bed across from Richie.

Richie just shrugged, his brown eyes scanned across the tanner boy’s face. He smirked and rubbed a hand down Eddie’s arm.

“There is nowhere I’d rather be.” Eddie tried not to blush. Richie was drunk. He didn’t mean what he said, he hardly meant half the shit that came out of his trashmouth.

Still, Eddie had to be honest...it’s what his mother would want him to do.

“Me too, you know.”

At that, Richie lackadaisically smiled and dove for Eddie.

(This will continue)

### **Author's Note:**

Hi, this is my first story! There are definitely errors so I would appreciate if you didn’t comment on them because I’m trying my best AHAHAHA. Still, stuck around for the next chapter!

Love ya, mean it.